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Judge

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THE UNWILLING CONFEDERATE.

Congress ought to take Uncle Sam out of this shameful position by passing the anti-lottery bill.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor*.

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GOOD DEAL of reciprocity between your uncles Benjamin and James Gillespie.

* * *

OUR AMOS to Mr. Boutelle—"The next time you tackle me you just let me alone, sir."

* * *

GOVERNOR HILL is the father of electrocution, and Warden Durston has tried to be its undertaker.

* * *

SPEAKER REED did not say "To h——l with your inland seas." He merely intimated that they had better go to Texas.

* * *

THE REPORTERS generally use improperly the word *nee*, and we do not here allude to the omission of the letter k.

* * *

ONE IS PUZZLED to know which is the greater fool, Lord Dunlo, who goes back to his wife, or Lady Dunlo, who goes back to her husband.

* * *

WHEN THE KAISER is hissed in a country not his own he says with bitter satire, "Hah! that comes from some of your formidable guns, does it?"

* * *

THE JUDGE was in error in its reference to the soul of the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. It appears that the gentleman never had one.

* * *

IN THE VIEW of the Albany *Times* Grover Cleveland is to blame because a majority of the voters of the six new states vote the Republican ticket. It has been our impression that the majority were to blame for it.

* * *

"ST. PETER is a Democrat," says the editor of the Utica *Observer*. This reminds us of the remark of the same biblical student and absent-minded gentleman on another convivial occasion—"We all know, Mr. President, that it was Napoleon who whipped Mr. Wellington at the battle of Cherubusco."

A NEW POWER.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE want the free coinage of silver and the establishment of government warehouses in which to store their produce and borrow government money on it. The alliance is big enough to be a dangerous balance of power, and that it should have grown to such proportions on such political feed as that is exceedingly curious, to say nothing of the Sunday-school maxims with which the feed is spiced. But it may do good. If it can break up the two leading parties of the south and put them together each on a new basis, nobody will regret its surprising existence.

THE MYSTERY OF CAPE MAY.

EVERYTHING seemed to be velvety and sweet between the president and Mr. Blaine during their recent exchange of civilities and conversation at the sea-shore; but of course below the surface the waters ran dark and dangerous. The brightness was assumed for the deception of the confiding public, and was, if the simile happen to be correct, a hollow subterfuge, a broken reed, a withering falsehood, a blighting blast, and various things of that kind. We can give no particulars at this time, but merely inquire, in a voice of thunder, what was the meaning of the painful decrepitude of the secretary after a private interview with his superior in office, and of the green patch that the latter wore over his left eye?

THEIR FIRST CONEY-ISLAND TRIP.

MRS. BRANNIGAN—"It's great, Mike, ain't it?"
BRANNIGAN—"Purty fair, Norah; but it doan' hold a farthin'-dip t' th' ocean we usty go in on th' aste shore av Oirland."

THE KICKERS AND THE WORKERS.

WHEN GOVERNOR HILL, responding to a disgruntled delegation who were embarrassed by a Republican legislative majority, advised that "first, second, and always they kick, kick, kick," he divined and directed the mental capacity of his party and unwittingly exploited its history, practice, and purpose. A party is like a person. It cannot be disenthralled from its political ancestry. It has in it, as has a child, the fibre and forces of its progenitors. This generation is the pulverent product of prior ones, grouped under modern conditions and compounded by the chemistry of a later and more favorable civilization. The persistent endeavor to frustrate federal legislation is but a fading flavor of the old spirit of nullification, and the "great Georgian's" threat of a business boycott is only the senile echo of the planter's whip.

Latter-day Democracy is unfortunately controlled by its heredity. For half a century it has been the party of inertia, and the struggle of the rebellion was only a resistance to be "let alone." Modern pulses and the swift weaving of recent thought disturbed the stolidity of plantation life, dependent upon servile labor and desiring its continuance and its extension. The barricade behind which it attempted to find shelter bruised it in its breaking yet did not destroy, as slow-blooded life is the most tenacious.

The spasms of Democratic revival were full of promise and disappointment to its deluded adherents. It demanded an extension of trade and opening of broader markets, yet diverted the national appropriation for ocean mail-service that would have effected it into the coffers of foreign steamships, and sent our business correspondence under the protection of a foreign flag. It promised relief to a constricted circulation by the helpfulness of affluent silver, yet formulated no measure to produce the result. It proposed to lessen the duties on sugar and remove wholly the tariff on wool, yet asked no reciprocal benefit of the exporting nation in exchange for demuttonizing our western pastures and turning acres of sheep land to the growth of glutted grain. It evolved and reiterated the absurdity that the agricultural thirteen millions out of our sixty-four millions of people were the only consumers in the land. It bred distrust and discontent by the false statement that all the burdens of revenue fell upon labor and that capital was exempt. It suppressed by silence the fact that the products of the farm were as well or better protected than any interests in the country. It demanded lower rates of duty ostensibly to lower the profits of our manufactures, and proposed to give to foreigners earnings it would deny to our own. It repressed the fact that every manufactured product had been vastly lowered in cost to the consumer through domestic competition and in contrast with the prices for revenue tariff only when dependent on a foreign market. The Democracy denounces any attempt to embarrass facility of the ballot, and claims surveillance, registration and protection of the voter as allied to tyranny; yet in the south it protects and applauds political murder, and in the north condones political fraud.

The Republican party is very far from perfect. It has, however, fulfilled as far as it could its pledges to the people. It has not shirked, but passed, a silver bill. Its policy for the extinguishment of polygamy and the supremacy of the Mormon church over the state is a success. It has stopped the limitless immigration of the Mongolian, and is restricting the inflow of European pauper labor. It has reduced the internal revenue tax. It proposes to give black and white, rich and poor, the right to a silent and unintimidated suffrage. Its mission of work rather than words is not yet ended. No ideal in party effort can be fully realized, and achievement never equals anticipation. Appealing to the general intelligence of the country, it seems improbable that a popular indorsement can be given to the party of repose as against the party of progress. J. A.

A RISE IN OBSTRUCTIONS.

1860.
The day of the crinoline.

1890.
The day of the wide-brimmed hat.

DURING HOT WEATHER we hear only at intervals that the czar is about to be assassinated; and that shows that the nihilists occasionally have amusements outside of assassinating too.

* * *

IT IS a recognized principle of South American revolutionists to shoot as long as they have powder, and then to surrender because their financial condition has made it impossible to buy more.

* * *

IT IS HASTENING things to say that a funeral will be held from the late residence of the corpse; but when you say the person died "at his late residence," that is velocity. Is there no better way of saying that the dead person is about to change his residence?

* * *

LADY DUNLO keeps her title, and that part of the English nobility which looks fondly back to Nell Gwinne is quite shocked about it. We suppose Lady Dunlo can't sing and dance as well as Nell did, and the English nobility are very particular about these things.

* * *

"I CANNOT RELY on a single one of my diplomats," says the czar. "They all lie." That has been the trouble ever since the world began, your majesty. The only exception to the rule is the writer of this paragraph. And yet, your majesty, what would a diplomat do if he couldn't lie? You know, verily yourself, that if a diplomat didn't lie you would discharge him in ten minutes.

OH, GIVE THEM THE WINGS OF A BIRD.

THE SUFFERINGS of murderers cannot be contemplated without horror. In exceptional instances they are hanged on the day selected for that purpose, and that is unseemly haste. Generally they are permitted to survive the first sentence, and that puts them on the rack of suspense. In other cases they are sentenced many times, through the generosity of the bench in behalf of the bar and the prisoner, and each time hope is given them merely that it may give way to dark despair. It is true that the jailor's or warden's wife ministers to their condition, and does her utmost to smooth their way to the tomb; but what is that as an assuager, sweet and good as it is? For they have not their liberty. Their cells are not furnished with luxuries. In hot weather they are too warm and in cold weather too cold. The clergyman's words of sympathy and advice are good, and the cook does her utmost to give them unexceptionable solids and delicacies; but they pine in their solitude and occasionally lose their sweet but complicated minds from long or short suspense. What shall we do with them? They cannot have the earth, since it will be of no use to them after they are killed.

A NON-MILITARY HOSTESS.

MRS. DARROW—"Good-morning, lieutenant. We were awfully sorry to hear of your trouble."
LIEUTENANT HORTON, U. S. A.—"Why, I—er—haven't had any trouble."
MRS. DARROW—"Really? How strange! We understood that you had become involved in some captain's mess over at the fort."

GETTING DOWN TO SOLID COMFORT.

COUNT PARASETTI—"Waiter, I seem to be the only one in the dining-room."

THE WAITER—"Yo's raight, boss. D' rest ob d' folks has eat."

COUNT PARASETTI—"That being the case, I think that for once I'll *enjoy* my soup."

A NIGHTMARE.

LAST night instead of sleeping I seemed to take a notion
to enter into dreamland and give my fancy sway;
Queer meditation keeping my thoughts in strange commotion until I felt a tremor that would not pass away—
I saw Queen Aphrodite propounding to Apollo a most peculiar question, a complicated riddle;
And Jupiter the mighty within a mountain-hollow called all the gods before him and played upon the fiddle.
Micawber was in limbo, a brilliant halo o'er him, discussing with dear Traddles a wondrous *jeu d'esprit;*
A critic, arms akimbo, with twenty beers before him, was busy in explaining a Wagner ecstasy;
A very funny writer, whom no one ever greeted—although a large-sized audience the king of jesters dubbed him—
Becoming somewhat brighter, an awful pun completed, when with decisive action they all rose up and clubbed him;
A dozen lovely lasses, poetic tales rehearsing, threw love-sick glances at me that worked like miracles,
And I on dew-decked grasses sat long with them conversing until I caught pneumonia and half a dozen ills;
And when I went to kiss them, in manner far from tragic (that is to say, according to all romantic lore),
I found I did but miss them—for such is nightmare's magic; I left my bed and dreamland and tumbled to the floor!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

HUM OF THE COURT.

IT MAY not be that Mr. Kemmler died happy, but the public is happy that he has died.

EVERYBODY is telling in the newspapers how to catch fish, and nobody is catching any.

THE WORLD admires Fremont very much, now that he is dead and the admiration is economical.

IT IS TIME to chide the administration for its absence from Washington, and yet most servants have the right of a day off.

NINE OUT of ten editors are worrying themselves over articles about the necessity of taking a rest. Let them give their readers one.

WE SHOULD think that the unclad savages visited by the missionaries would send us directions as to how not to dress in hot weather.

"THE ACTOR," says the Detroit *Free Press*, "must have the moon when he cries for it." Yea; and the bright particular and the various little stars.

THE YOUNG CHINAMAN of the Sunday-school is creating havoc in the respiration of the lady teachers thereof. Are we ruined by cheap Chinese piety?

WHAT MR. GLADSTONE will say to the angel of death—"Don't be in such a deuced hurry! I've twenty first-rate speeches to make yet, and the world wants them."

MRS. STUART PHELPS objects strenuously to the low-necked dress. Such exhibitions always cause us to turn away, and we have to do it so frequently that it has nearly broken our neck.

LAST WEEK a butterfly generated by heat folded its pretty wings and said it would die of its birth and be happy; and immediately there was nothing left of it but a little tawdry dust that the wind blew into some other world.

WE MUST be thankful that our virtues have saved us from those western cyclones. It shows that our excellence is understood, and let us go on with our well-doing——H'm! was that wild wind whistling down the New York chimney?

DRESSY DEPOSITORIES.

MISS WINKLEY—"How yo' laik mah new pahty-gownd, popper?"
MR. WINKLEY—"Is yo' gwine t' d' Robesons' t' night?"
MISS WINKLEY—"Yas."
MR. WINKLEY—"If dey ain't no one lookin' aftah suppah, conceal a couple ob hams in dem sleeves an' fetch dem hoam."

MAKING THE APPLE-BUTTER.

Apple-butter making is a great industry through the mountainous part of West Virginia. It is also extensively made in Pennsylvania and some of the western states. The big copper kettle is swung gypsy style out in the open air and provided with a long double-handle stirrer. The young folks stir together, by invitation of "sets" or "turns." They have fun, love-making, etc., etc., and get the kettle off at two or three o'clock in the morning with the next year's supply of apple-butter secured.

ONE often hears of tickets sent
For balls or grand receptions,
And wedding "cards" that complement
Love's weight of sweet conceptions.

But with the rustic belles and beaux
To raise a joyful flutter
Send word what night they all propose
To stir the apple-butter!

They gather round the ruddy gleam,
The stars shine down so brightly,
The kettle throws its juicy steam
And every heart throbs lightly.

Then when some blushing maiden sees
Her favorite swain prefer her
She quickly smiles assent to "Please,
The next set be my stirrer?"

The fire-light shows each tender face,
Their hands press close together
The while he says, "Give me the place
In clear or stormy weather

'To stand with you thro' life, my dear,
Whate'er its toil or splutter,
And side by side each happy year
We'll stir our apple-butter."

INDA BARTON HAYS.

HE HAD HEARD OF IT.

"SOME people in Chicago want eight towers at the world's fair, all as large as Eiffel's."

"Yes; I heard there was a strike for eight towers out there."

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

Doctor—"These pills, Mr. Croaker, will either kill or cure."

Patient—"Say, doc., which will they do first?"

THE WORST YET.

Mrs. Gazzam—"The czar's cook has been detected putting poison in the monarch's coffee."

Gazzam—"He wanted to prepare him for his czar-coffee-gus, evidently."

AS TO LUCK.

First tramp—"Some people in this world are too lucky for anything."

Second tramp—"Yes; and it's generally the fellows who don't need anything who get the most."

First tramp—"Course it is. There's that Stanley getting the freedom of a lot of cities in Europe, when we can't get the freedom of even a brewery."

THEIR REGULAR "GROWLER."

PROFESSOR BRISTLEUP—"Where's Mr. Baker's cup?"

FIRST-MATE BARBER (*in a whisper*)—"The kid 's gone out with it. It's the biggest one in th' rack, you know."

AN ANCIENT AND A MODERN ROMANCE.

He was thrown out a rose, and left. The question was decided.

He was thrown out, arose and left. The question was decided.

PHILOSOPHY.

"PHILOSOPHER, oh, tell me, pray,
How canst be happy-hearted
Now all thy wealth has flown away
And all thy friends departed?"
He laughed; and thus I heard him say:
"Why should I borrow sorrow?
I live in joys of yesterday—
In joys to come to-morrow."

At last the philosopher hungry grew
And wished with me to dine.
Said I to him, "If it be true—
That pleasant rule of thine—
Adapt it in thy usual way
That casts aside all sorrow—
Enjoy the dinner of yesterday
And the dinner to come to-morrow."

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

FAILED TO SUIT.

"MY MOTTO, sir, is 'Never say die.' And it's a good one, don't you think?"

"Well, I don't think so."

"Indeed! Who are you?"

"I'm a funeral director."

NATURE works in circles,
Every one agrees:
Trees grow out of doors—
Doors are made from trees.

OUR MARRIAGE-NOTICE.

HOW smooth it reads and how demure!
Musing you vision velvet aisles
In sacred gloom,
And thrilling organ-tones and pure,
And throbbing hearts and trembling smiles
And orange-bloom.

How smooth it reads! Deceptively.
No hint it hath that when we met
I thought her cold,
And hardly tall enough; that she
Thought I was plain—deemed me, worse yet,
Real rude and bold.

No hint of how we stiffly sparred
And squabbled once and yet again
In frowardness;
Of how I called her cruel, hard;
Of how our troubles ceased not when
She had said 'yes.

No hint of how she twice returned
My photograph, my presents—yea,
My tender rhymes;
Of how I frantically burned
Her notes and put her vase away
Three distinct times;

Of how I moped with spirits low,
And fumed and pondered darksome deeds:
How she was sure
She never *could*—she did, and so
Likewise did I. How smooth it reads
And how demure!

EMMA A. OPPER.

STRAUSS SHOWS ENTERPRISE.

HE HAD painted with a marking-brush on an empty flour-sack, "We sells no English syndicate-brewery beer." He had a small green flag above the door and the flour-sack stretched across the window. He had also put boiled potatoes among the free lunch, and when Johnny Connelly tucked his last two papers under the bar and sat down to rest he smiled broadly and said:

"Chonny, vot you dink apoud dot new debarture?"

"Wot is it, old appleplexy?" asked Johnny, as he wiped his hot face.

"Dot vos der Irish drade to catch, ain'd id? Hear me dis song, Chonny:

'Dot harp dot troo der terror's halls
Der soul off moosic shed
She now hungs mute ubon der valls,
Dot moosic all gone deadt.'

Unt dere vos a goot many Irish lif dis sdreed along, unt you sbrinkle dis English idea deir coat-tails on unt you git 'em, efery von. Uf you dook me for a clam you got to git in der mornin' up, Chonny."

JUST PATENTED.

Byrnes's police windmill. Designed to amuse an officer and prevent the wear and tear incident to swinging a club.

A look of profound disgust shone through the elevated-railroad cinders on Johnny's face as he said:

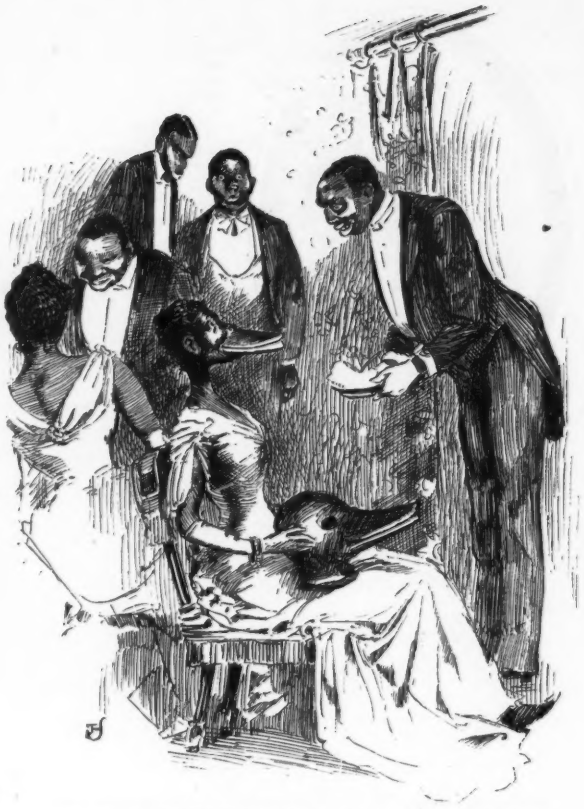
"When you git de Irish saloon-trade, Strauss, you'll know you've had it by de marks, like small-pox. Ya-a, Dutchy; all you want is a black eye and a short pipe stuck in de waistband of yer hat to make yer a full-blooded Dublin man. By George! de Harlem goats would eat you, Strauss, if you laid down to sleep above One-hundred-and-thirtieth street;" and he wearily took up his remaining papers and went out yelling, "Here you are! two more big English syndicates formed, and Bismarck paralyzed in his t'roat so he can't stop talkin'! Evenin' edition, fi' cents!"

A. T. WORDEN.

MATRIMONIAL PROGRESS AT LONG BEACH.

Young man—"Do you think, Mrs. Hendricks, that your daughter Sallie would change her name for mine?"

Mother—"Well, Mr. Waldo, Sallie is a very impulsive girl, and I really don't know what she might do under great provocation."



AT THE WHITEWASH-CLUB MASQUERADE.

FLOOR-MANAGER (*at twelve p. m.*)—"Mistah Simes!"
HIS ASSISTANT.—"I's lissenin'."
FLOOR-MANAGER—"I doan' wanter be ha'sh wiv no lady, but yo'll hab t' 'sinuate t' dat fairy frum 'Napolis, dat come ez a canvas-back duck, dat she'll hab t' dismask 'r leabe d' hawl."

PEARLS BEFORE PEARLS.

THE expression "casting pearls before swine" has lost its signification with the people of Cincinnati. There are no pearls before swine in their estimation.

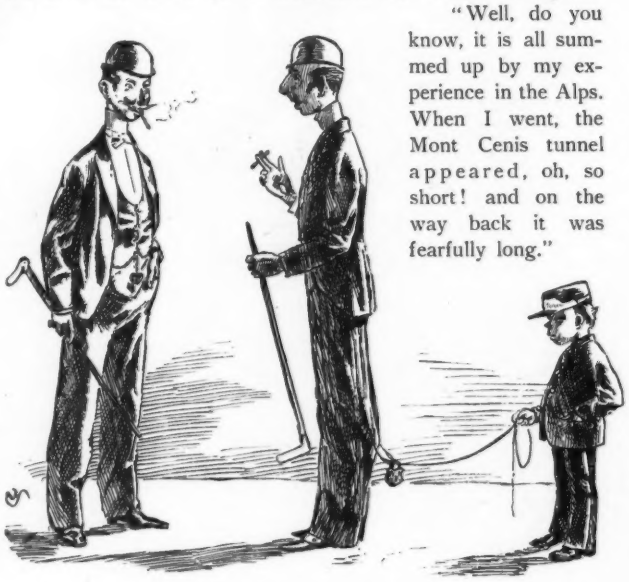
AT THE DIME MUSEUM.

Attendant—"This armless man can pick up a needle with his toes."

Disgusted visitor—"That's nothing! I've often picked up carpet-tacks with my heel."

IN A NUTSHELL.

MRS. GUSHINGTON ALLEN went to Europe and visited Italy on her wedding-trip. On being asked by a lady friend on her return for an account of her travels she replied: "Well, do you know, it is all summed up by my experience in the Alps. When I went, the Mont Cenis tunnel appeared, oh, so short! and on the way back it was fearfully long."



SHADOWED.

KILLICO (*on the avenue*)—"It's deucedly awkward, isn't it?"
CAULSON—"What's the little beggar doing?"
KILLICO—"He's the tailor's boy. I haven't paid for the trousers."

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

ONE would think, to read the papers discoursing on the fly,
The grounds for his creation and the various reasons why,
That the underlying motive, the real objective plan,
Was to get another whack at
The bald-headed man.

Now the fly is no respecter of persons or of pates;
He lights wherever fancy or the scent of game dictates;
His object is to suck up all the juices that he can,
And he is no Nemesis of
The bald-headed man.

The fly has been created for a scientific use,
And there is no use of hunting up a thinly-clad excuse;
He was made to give reporters, ever since the world began,
Another chance to ridicule
The bald-headed man.

You may talk of sticky paper and lay trains of dynamite,
But the fly will live and flourish, as he always has, in spite,
And the paragraphing punsters from Beersheba to Dan
Will keep up their persecution of
The bald-headed man.

But let them all remember there was once a prophet old
To whom the sportive urchins, in wickedness made bold,
Remarked, "Go up, thou bald-head!" when out the big bears ran
And swallowed up the scoffers of
The bald-headed man.

THEIR FIRST TRIP TO CONEY.

MRS. BACKSTOP—"What's that sign over there?"

MR. BACKSTOP (*spelling it out*)—"Bathing-suits."

MRS. BACKSTOP—"Well, it don't suit me, with my rheumatiz. You an' the chil'n go in ef yer wanter, an' I'll turn my back."

HIS DICKER.

MR. PINELANDS (*from Jersey*)—"I reck'n I've found it at last. This is th' produce exchange buildin', ain't it?"

MESSENGER—"Yes."

MR. PINELANDS—"Good. Here's four dozen eggs, an' you can hustle an' git me a yaller neck-han'kerchief with red spots, a hand of chewin'-terbacker, an' a small bladder of snuff fer mother."

THE SPIRIT WARNING; OR, WHY DID HE DIE?

HE SAT alone in his elegantly furnished room with a bored expression upon his face and his eyes half closed. He was a newspaper man and he was very tired, for the city editor had only that morning told him that his literary attitudinizing was entirely lost upon the proof-readers, and that he had better look sharp, and be pretty decidedly quick about it at that.

He leaned his head upon his hand and his breath came in quick, Plymouth-rock pants. He was contemplating a journalistic feat that would paralyze two continents and would cause his copy to be worth six dollars a column, play or pay.

Suddenly a breath of salt sea air filled the apartment, and a voice with the ring of a sea-shell spoke through the murky silence:

"I am the spirit of this summer's bathing-suit, and I have come to be interviewed."

The newspaper man raised his head and looked about the room. He saw nothing. Taking a pair of field-glasses from a case which he wore daintily slung across his shoulder, he peered into the dim distance. He then discovered a faint speck athwart the bamboo portière that artistically concealed, yet half revealed, his shaving-table with its hair-renewer and bay-rum bottles, his combination shoe and tooth brushes, and so forth.

The faint speck was it.

"I have come," continued the spirit, "to bespeak a favor for myself and the rest of my sisterhood from the press. It is that we be spared the shafts of the humorous journalist. Through many long and oppressive summers we have been chosen as the peg upon which the funny man hangs his snap-shots of shady satire and hysterical wit. We are desirous that we be allowed to remain in what people of your ilk who write against space call the innocuous desuetude of the unknown—in other words we prefer to be like the justly celebrated gentleman who fell out of the balloon—not in it."

"But," asked the newspaper man, while beads of perspiration gemmed the gothic granite of his cheek, "what are we to do for light reading during the summer months?"

"What," asked the spirit in haughty tones, "is the matter with the summer-girl, the ice joke, the country-board humorism, and many others too numerous to mention? And when it comes to light literature there are no flies on the evening extras," and with a breezy snicker it vanished.

The newspaper man fell over with a dull, nauseating thud and died.

He had been contemplating getting up an illustrated article on "New York belles in their bathing-suits," and this spirit-warning knocked him cold.

KATE MASTERSON.

JUSTICE SCORES A BULL'S-EYE.

JUDGE GUFFY—"What's your name?"

THE PRISONER—"Annie Rooney, yure 'anner."

JUDGE GUFFY—"Ten years at hard labor. Never mind what the charge is."

HITCHI G U

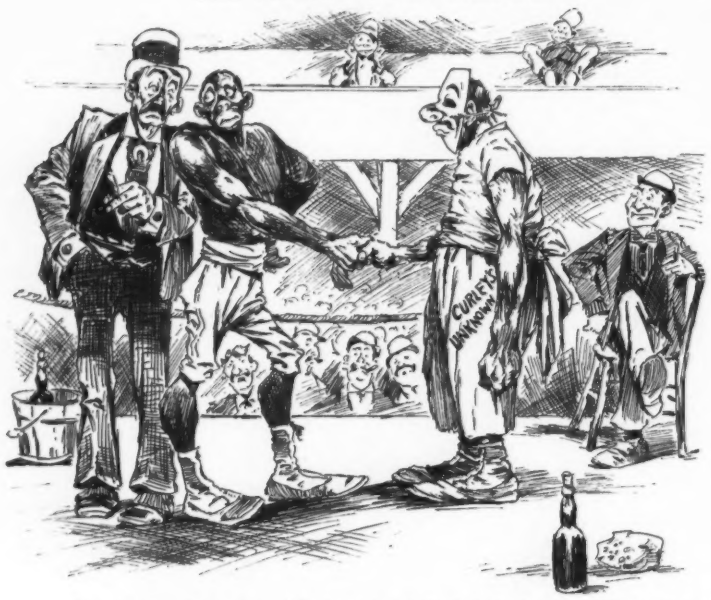
Uncle Sam is provided with a great Re lican T

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

HIT UP!

eat Republican Team which can't be beaten.

THE BESTING OF A FAVORITE.



MR. PETER JACKSON—"I doan' jess laik he's looks, but I'll do d' bes' I kin."

THE BUTCHER WOOS.

"MY heart is yours," he did profess;
"I'm in an awful stew.
Liver die, I care not 'less
You give me promise true.

"I'd steak my very life on you,
And when I'm kept away
I'll send a tenderloin or two,
Professing love for aye.

"What answer you beefore I go?
Meat I your favor well?"
She said, "I love, you suet so,"
And on his shoulder fell.

LA MONTE WALDRON.

ITS ORIGIN.

JONES had invited a friend to dinner and asked him to carve a chicken that was placed before him. His guest set to work with a good will, but after a deal of muscular exercise was compelled to acknowledge himself beaten.

"Where in the name of leather did you get that bird?"

"Dunno," replied the host, "unless it should prove to be the offspring of some hard-boiled egg."

MATURE DELIBERATION.

Friend—"I understand you are going to stop publishing your Sunday edition because you are convinced that the religious sentiment of the times demands it."

Editor—"Yes, sir."

Friend—"Is this the result of a sudden change of thought on the part of the proprietors?"

Editor—"Oh, dear, no; we have been eleven years making up our minds."

NOT BLIND ENOUGH.

"MY DEAR, I'm glad to be able to assure you that my husband and I have a perfectly blind confidence in each other."

"Alas! darling, I'm sorry to say that my husband's confidence in me is only a little near-sighted."

SHE IS ABOUT HIM.

McCorkle—"There's some snap about Passmore."

McCrackle—"Is there? I never noticed any."

McCorkle—"Then you never met his wife."

THE REASON WHY.

Smith (astonished)—"Why, doctor! What made you move? You had such a large practice out there, and"——

Doctor (disconsolately interrupting)—"Yes; but—they all died!"

IN THE POOL-ROOM.

Brown (who, having discovered a piece of tin-foil marked "gold-coin" sticking to his heel, determines to back a horse of that name).

Jonson (old sport—supposed to get good things from the inside).

Simpson (looking for information).

Buster (an outsider).

Jonson (meeting Brown)—"Well, Brownie, what do you find to-day?"

Brown (sagely)—"Gold Coin, of course."

Jonson—"Gold Coin? What makes you think so?"

Brown (mysteriously)—"I KNOW it!"

Simpson (a moment later, meeting Jonson)—"Well, old boy, what do you get?"

Jonson (confidentially)—"Put every dollar you have in your clothes on Gold Coin. He can't lose it." (Simpson rushes for the line.)

(Buster, overhearing, thinks the name "Gold Coin" is "Dum Boyne," and also rushes for the line.)

Buster's friends (as he leaves the window)—"What have you got, old man?"

Buster—"Dum Boyne."

Friends (in chorus)—"Ha! ha! might as well throw your money in the street."

Buster—"You can laugh; but I've got it from the front."

Telegraph operator—"They are off—Gold Coin in the lead."

Jonson (to Simpson)—"Didn't tell you so?"

Simpson (elated)—"I'm glad I met you."

Operator—"Gold Coin at the half by four lengths—the others bunched."

Buster's friends—"How about that horse from the front?"

Buster (dryly)—"The race ain't over yet."

Operator—"Gold Coin still in the lead. General closing up in the stretch. (After a few seconds.) Dum Boyne wins by three lengths; Cyrus second and Clarence third."

Buster, who has raked four hundred for twenty, is warmly congratulated, and henceforth is pointed out as one who gets his information from the inside.

M. S. B.

—"Sk—bang!"

BABY'S LOOKS.

Fond mother—"Who do you think the baby looks like?"

Fond uncle—"Well, if I were rich I suppose it would look just like me, but as I am struggling myself, I suppose its looks must be on the other side of the house."

CURLEY—"I tell yer, Congo, you done noble. You gits two plates 'f cocoanut hash t' night in place of one."

Weeks—"How does this weather agree with you, Wentman?" *Wentman*—"It doesn't. I find it cheaper to agree with the weather."—*American Grocer.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Summer clothes," said Snodgrass, looking at the display in a bargain-store window. "Some are clothes, are they?" replied Snively. "Would you have the goodness to tell me what the rest of the garments are?"—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

"Oh, no; let's not go!" exclaimed the little boy as his nurse proposed going on board a yacht, and then the youngster burst into tears. "Why, Willie, what in the world is the matter?" "I just h-h-heard one m-m-man tell another to set the s-s-spanker."—*Providence Journal.*

We probe with telescope the milky way;
The ocean depths with diving-bells, and say
That science knows no limit; yet 'tis said
The wise postmaster hides his puzzled head
In shame, and freely owns he cannot master
The knotty problem from precedence bred,
Which doughty dame is really "Mrs. Astor."
—*Springfield Union.*

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NEW YORK

LITTLE WHEELS.

The weaver waits for the spinner's yarn;
The spinner is idle for want of wool;
The shearers watch in the fragrant barn
For the sheep that graze by the meadow pool;
But little Boy Blue who drives the flock
Has fallen asleep by a sheltering rock,
While many a baby in Boston town
Is crying for want of a soft wool gown.

The shearers threatened in language strong;
The weavers' wrath can never be told;
The wheel is spinning an angry song,
And the babies' toes are purple with cold;
For the shepherd-lad who is sleeping still
Is a little wheel in the world's great mill,
And the world's full grist is not well ground
Till each little wheel turns round and round.

I dreamed this dream but an hour ago,
When I awoke to my surprise
To find nurse galloping to and fro
And baby's fists thrust into his eyes.
Oh, what little wheel was running away
And making so jolly a baby cry
Till his face was as red as a poppy's silk?
The lassie was late who brings the milk!
—*May Riley Smith in Wide Awake.*

"Throw physic to the dogs," and use Angostura Bitters for good digestion and a healthy appetite. Sole M'f'rs, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

"Won by a neck!" exclaimed the racy young woman as she surveyed the exquisitely négligé costume which had brought Alphonse to his knees.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

"Do unto others az yu would hav them do unto yu." Praize in others what yu would like tew hav praized in yu iz the very sublimity ov blowing yure own trumpet.—*Josh Billings.*

"That must be a Boston girl." "Why do you think so?" "She is all freckled." "How does that make her a Boston girl?" "Well, you see she has her specks on."—*Boston Courier.*

The *Blizzard* is far too courteous and considerate to call any lady a chump. We therefore make bare mention of the fact that the record is at hand of a Louisville woman of twenty-eight marrying a man eighty-nine years old who has twenty-nine children.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by far the best and finest Stomach Bitters made, whether taken pure or with wines or liquors **AND OTHER CORDIALS.**

While hydrophobia rageth over all the land, man useth thrice strengthened wire when he goeth about muzzling all the dogs. Verily man is a foolish creature, for well he knoweth that nothing maketh him so mad as the bite of a mosquito, and behold, he useth the flimsiest tarletan for his mosquito muslin!—*Elmira Gazette.*

THE NEW HOLLENDEN, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the most magnificent hotel in the west. American and European plans.

"Oi'm havin' th' darndest toime wid that gurl Belinda av moine," said a respected citizen of Palace hill. "She do be settin' me half crazy wid her fashions an' dressin'. She siz t' me the other day, 'Mommer, does ye think me popper wull be wearin' his whoite shirt on Sunday?' Oi told her Oi t'ot he'd be more like t' wear his outing shirt av th' weather kept warm. Wull, come Sunday what does me lady do but shtart aff airly in th' marnin' on a picnic t' Tommyought lake, an' it's no more we saw her till avenin', whin in she walked as bould as you plaze, an' if she didn't hev Dinny's whoite shirt on Oi'm a lala. Oi t'ot Dinny 'ud faint whin he saw her. 'Fer th' love av hivin, Mary Ann,' siz he to me, 'hev th' gurl no chemaizas?' At that Belinda bursht out laffin'. 'Why, popper, you ould chappie,' siz she, 'that's th' latist shtoile; all th' young ladies av Cottage hill an' th' south side are wearin' thim, an' they think they're awful shwell.' 'Thot's all roight fer th' young ladies av Cottage hill an' th' south side,' siz Dinny, 'but av there's any shwellin' done in a shirt ov moine I'll know somethin' av it myself,' siz he. 'Take th' gurl t' th' other room an' sarch her; she may hev me overalls on.' The poor gurl filt bad whin she come to think how bould she looked, but Oi suppose she'll be wearin' some other new-fangled t'ing as soon as she sees some 'un else wid it on. It do bate all what t'ings gits in a gurl's moind."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

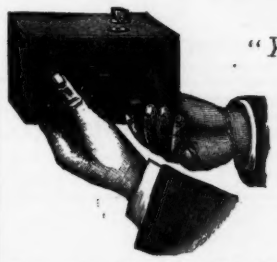
SKIN DISEASES Piles, Pimples, Granulated Eyelids Permanently Cured by COLLIVER'S HERMIT SALVE. 50 Cents Box. 168 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

The men say that there is no sense of humor in women. Let something ridiculous happen to a man, and when he sees all the women in the neighborhood laughing at him he will probably wish there was not so much.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE KAISER'S FAVORITE
Champagne is "Cabinet Sekt," of Kloss & Foerster, Freyburg. Thomsen & Co., 87 Wall st., sole agents.

Man (to acquaintance)—"Hello, Grinsley, how are you getting along?" *Grinsley*—"So, so, only." *Man*—"Are you still running that woman's-rights paper?" *Grinsley*—"No; I have given that up." *Man*—"Didn't pay, eh?" *Grinsley*—"Oh, yes; it paid first-rate." *Man*—"Why didn't you continue to run it?" *Grinsley*—"I got married."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

NEW KODAKS



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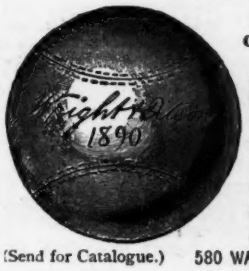

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HER BEAUTIFUL EYES.

Oh, her beautiful eyes! they are blue as the dew
On the violet's bloom when the morning is new,
And the light of their love is the gleam of the sun
O'er the meadows of spring where the quick shadows run.
As the morn shifts the mists and the clouds from the skies—
So I stand in the dawn of her beautiful eyes.

And her beautiful eyes are as mid-day to me,
When the lily-bell bends with the weight of the bee,
And the throat of the thrush is a pulse in the heat,
And the senses are drugged with the subtle and sweet,
And delirious breaths of the air's lullabies—
So I swoon in the noon of her beautiful eyes.

Oh, her beautiful eyes! they have smitten mine own
As a glory glanced down from the glare of the throne;
And I reel, and I falter and fall, as afar
Fell the shepherds that looked on the mythical star.
And yet dazed in the tidings that bade them arise—
So I grope through the night of her beautiful eyes.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Teacher—"Johnnie, you must bring an excuse for being absent yesterday from the head of your family." *Johnnie*—"She's away, ma'am; I'll have to get it from me fader."—*Brooklyn Life.*

The home of the Sohmer piano is at Third avenue and Fourteenth street, occupying fifty feet front on the avenue and one hundred feet on Fourteenth street. This is one of the best locations in the city, and the spacious warerooms are daily thronged by hundreds of delighted visitors.

"America is a funny country," said a foreigner the other day in the hearing of the Boston *Journal*. "If you ask a person to oblige you with a two-cent stamp he feels insulted at your offering him the money for it, but if you ask him for a match he sarcastically asks you why you don't buy some."

Law professor—"What constitutes burglary?" *Student*—"There must be a breaking?" *Professor*—"Then, if a man entered your house and took fifty cents from your waistcoat pocket, would that be burglary?" *Student*—"Yes, sir; because that would break me."—*New York Ledger.*

First critic—"I tell you, sir, that what we call burlesque nowadays is not burlesque at all; it is mere extravaganza. True burlesque should satirize something—should 'take off' something, as it were." *Second critic*—"My dear fellow, burlesque nowadays takes off almost everything."—*America.*

Bridegroom—"How in the world could you tell that we have only been lately married? I am sure we did not indulge in any silly manifestations of affection." *Baldheaded fellow-traveler*—"No; but I noticed that each of you paid strict attention to whatever the other had to say."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Said the modest old maids of Detroit,
"Your show is immoral; withdraw it!"
For a statue was there
Which had nothing to wear,
And, oh, how they blushed when they saw it!

So the gallery men, though of sounder
Instruction in art and profounder,
Gave in, and men cheered
When Venus appeared
With a horse-blanket buckled around her.

—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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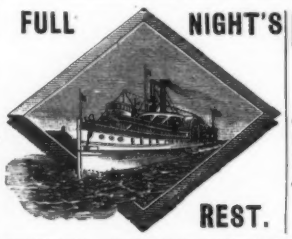

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When a man has the reputation of being plain spoken it is a mild way of putting it that he never sees anything good to speak of in others.—*Atchison Globe.*

He was from far-off England,
And he loved with vows in sighs,
And while he dropped his "h's"
Why, the maiden dropped her eyes.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

Wife—"You do not speak to me as affectionately as you used to, George. I think you have ceased to love me." *Husband*—"There you are again! Ceased to love! Why, I love you better than my life. Now, shut up and let me read my paper."—*Boston Courier.*

Jinks—"Of all mean, grasping men I think Minks is the worst. I don't believe he ever gets his thoughts off of dollars and cents." *Blinks*—"What has he been doing?" *Jinks*—"He's been asking me for a paltry ten dollars I borrowed of him some years ago."—*New York Weekly.*

Mrs. Bargain—"What are you worrying about this morning?" *Mr. Bargain*—"I need some new clothes and a new watch, and I can't make up my mind whether to get the clothes at a store where they give away watches, or to buy the watch at a store where they give away clothes."—*Good News.*

Little Johnny (to his father)—"I told ma what you said to our Sunday-school class to-day about knowing everything in the next world after we are dead." *Pa* (uneasily)—"What did she say?" *Johnny*—"She said she wished you would try and know a little in this world while you're alive."—*Texas Siftings.*

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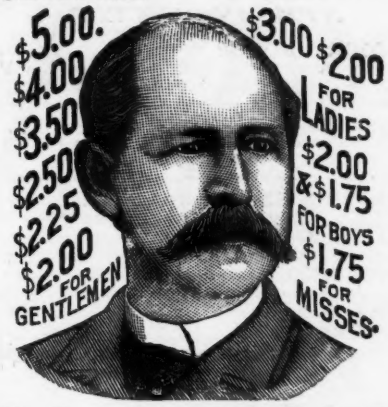

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Lawyer—"Do you swear positively that you know more than half this jury?" *Witness*—"Yes, sir; and now that I have taken a good look at 'em I'll swear that I know more than all of 'em put together."—*The Law.*

Boss—"I've lost my time-book, Pat, and I'll have to depend upon your honesty as to how many days you've put in this month." *Pat*—"Well, begor, let me see; I think it do be thirty-two, sor."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

During a melodramatic performance a stout lady began to sob violently. *Anxious husband*—"Come, my dear, this is too much for your feelings." *Stout lady*—"What does it matter to you so long as I am enjoying myself?"—*L'Estafette.*

"Oh, mommer, mommer!" yelled a little darkey as he saw the militia on the way to camp to-day, "what's them, sojers?" "Sojers, chile!" exclaimed the mother; "what you talkin' 'bout? Dem ain't sojers; dem's de districk malaria."—*Washington Star.*

"Don't you think, Uncle Jack," said Freddie, "that when Adam caught on to the situation he must have had a good deal on his mind?" "Well, as to that," returned Uncle Jack, "I can't say. All I know is that if he didn't have any more on his mind than legend credits him with having on his body, it didn't worry him much."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam candidly as he sat down on a log just outside the garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."—*Indianapolis Freeman.*

A young man who lived in Duquesne
Was the cause to his friends of great pesne;
He wore very loud clothes
And shoes with square tothes
And carried a forty-pound casne.
—*New York Times.*

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"Well, I must go now," said Chollie. "What's your hurry?" asked Ethel. "It's 11:55, and my motto in life is, 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.'"—*Boston Daily Traveller.*

It was a Kansas reporter who wished a newly-wedded pair "a happy life, and that their pathway may be strewn with roses as they journey hand in hand down the rugged stream of life."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Little boy (to Italian of whom his father has just made a purchase)—"Are you Italian?" *Italian*—"Si, signor." *Boy*—"Papa, what is that in American?" *Papa*—"Yis, begorra!"—*Boston Transcript.*

An Illinois church society dismissed their pastor because he played croquet so late that he missed the prayer-meeting. There is a time for all things, but the pastor no doubt had more fun than if he had prayed so late that he missed the croquet.—*Norristown Herald.*

Crusty (reading his paper)—"I declare! here is a man up in Michigan who while out hunting mistook another man for a bear and shot him. I can't for the life of me see how he could make such a mistake." *Mrs. Crusty* (spitefully)—"Humph! Can't you? Well, *I* can!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

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A man was in town the other day selling musical corsets, the slightest pressure producing a few bars of popular music. That man is nearing starvation.—*Berkshire News.*

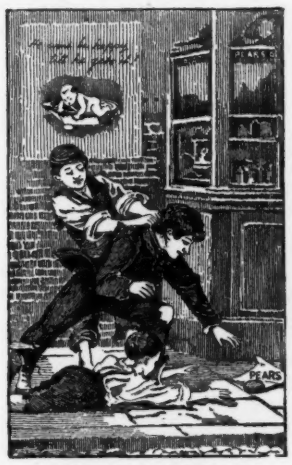
Mrs. Dorber—"There, Henry, I have finished painting the vase. Now if I only knew where I could fire it." *Mr. Dorber*—"What's the matter with the ash-barrel?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Teacher—"What street do you reside on, Johnny?" *Johnny*—"Hour street." *Teacher*—"I understood your sister to say it is Sixty-second street." *Johnny*—"Well, don't sixty seconds make an hour?"—*Chicago Post.*

A peddler has just been thrown out of the second-story window by the proprietor of the house. Coming up he thrusts his head again in the room. "Now, Herr Baron, joking aside, don't you want to buy something?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Agnes—"By the way, Nellie, I want to warn you against having anything to do with that Mrs. Fastleigh who came last night. Her reputation in New York is shady." *Nellie*—"She seemed a nice sort of woman. How shady is her reputation, dear?" *Jack*—"So shady that she never has to carry a parasol."—*Jester.*

Young artist—"This represents a man and team going along with a can of dynamite to shoot a well." *Friend*—"Very natural indeed." *Young artist*—"Here is the companion picture." *Friend*—"Yes; but the man and team are not there." *Young artist*—"Of course not. The dynamite has gone off."—*Light.*



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Here is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way, and that too in drug stores, where all sorts of inferior soaps, represented "as just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get PEARS' Soap, it they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

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3. CITY OFFICIALS—"Bedad! we're all Yankees, here; ivery mother's son of us!"

4. "Is it an Amerikin ye want? Phwat the divil d'ye think Oi am?"

5. "Si, senor; I am vat you call ze native American, but I maka ze mon an' goa back to ze lofely Italia."

1. COLUMBIA—"Stanley, my dear boy, I wish you to go in search of an American in America."

6. "Allee samee Mellikan like rest of 'em."

An American street.

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